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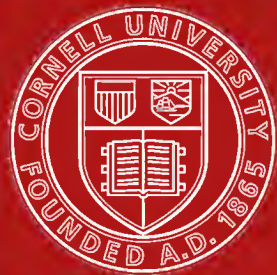
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Ferrer and Worrey
Ferrex and Worrey

BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

Date of Representation, Christmas Revels 1561-2

Date of Authorised Edition, 1570-1

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Ferrex and Porrer [or Gorboduc]

BY

THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

1570-I

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMVIII

Ferrex and Porrex

[or Corboduc]

BY THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, a. 6). It is dated in the Catalogue "[1570]."

An earlier and unauthorised edition appeared in 1565, the circumstance being alluded to in "The P to the Reader" in the authorised edition.

The authors are exhaustively dealt with in "The Dictionary of National Biography."

The play has been frequently reprinted in modern times, but never before in facsimile. Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original says, "It is most excellently reproduced, and I have found practically no excuse for even the minutest fault-finding."

The text is complete, but the Museum Catalogue remarks that their copy is "wanting last leaf of Sig. D, blank."

JOHN S. FARMER.

¶ The Tragidie of Ferrex
and Porrex,

set forth without addition or alteration but altogether as the same was shewed on stage before the Queenes Maiestie, about nine yeares past, *vz.* the xviiiij. day of Ianuarie. 1561.
by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple.

Seen and allowed. &c.

¶ Imprinted at London by
Iohn Daye, dwelling ouer
Aldersgate.

The argument of the Tragedie.

Gorboduc king of Brittain, diuided his realme in his life time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger. The people moued with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels. And afterwards for want of issue of the pzince whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

¶ The P. to the Reader.



Here this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner Temple first written about nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas now Lorde Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her Maestie, and neuer intended by the authoꝝ therof to be published: yet one W. G. getting a copie therof at some pongmans hand that lacked a litle money and much discretion, in the last great plague. an. 1565. about v. yeares past, while the said Lord was out of England, and T. Norton farre out of London, and neither of them both made priue, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: euen as if by meanes of a broker for hire, he should haue entiled into his house a faire maide and done her vilanie, and after all to bescratched her face, toꝛne her apparell, beraped and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of doores dishonested. In such plight after long wandꝝing she came at length home to the sight of her frendes who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remainyng. They, the authoꝝ I meane, though they were very much displeased that she so ranne abroad without leaue, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet seeing the case as it is remediless, haue for common honestie and shamesfastnesse now apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such forme as she was before. In which better forme since she hath come to me, I haue harbored her for her frendes sake and her owne, and I do not doubt her parentes the authoꝝ will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you and gently entertained, in fauor of the house from whence she is descended, and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former missehap, or quarelled at by enuious persons, she poore gentlewoman wil surely play Lucreces part, & of her self die for shame, and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me, where she was welcome: for she did neuer put me to more charge, but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white that I haue now geuen her to goe abroad among you withall.

A. ij.

¶ The

The names of the Speakers.

Gorboduc, King of great Brittain.
Videna, Queene and wife to king Gorboduc.
Ferrex, elder sonne to king Gorboduc.
Porrex, yonger sonne to king Gorboduc.
Clóyton, Duke of Cornewall.
Fergus, Duke of Albanie.
Mandud, Duke of Locgris.
Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland.
Eubulus, Secretarie to the king.
Arostus, a counsellor to the king.
Dordan, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest
sonne Ferrex.
Philander, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yonger
sonne Porrex.
Both being of the olde
kinges counsell before.
Hermon, a parasite remaining with Ferrex.
Tyndar, a parasite remaining with Porrex.
Nuntius, a messenger of the elder brothers death.
Nuntius, a messenger of Duke Fergus rising in armes.
Marcella, a lady of the Queenes privie chamber.
Chorus, foure auncient and sage men of Brittain.

The

The order of the donne thew
before the first act, and the sig-
signification therof.

- **T** First the Musicke of Violenze began to play, during which came in vpon the stage five wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom the first bare in his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all both seuerally and together assayed with all their strengthes to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the stickes and brake it: And the rest plucking out all the other stickes one after an other did easely breake them, the same being seuered: which being consiorned they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the Musicke ceased. Whereby was signified, that a state knit in vnitie doth continue strong against all force. But being diuided, is easely destroyed. As befell vpon Duke Gorboduc diuiding his land to his two sonnes which he before held in Monarchie. And vpon the discention of the brethren to whom it was diuided.

A. iij. Actus

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Viden. Ferrex.



Iden. The silent night, that brings
the quiet pause,
From painefull trauailes of the
wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughts,
and makes me blame

The slowe Aurore, that so for lone or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face,
And now the day renewes my grieffull plaint.

Ferrex. My gracious lady and my mother deare,
Pardon my griefe for your so griened minde,
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

Viden. So great a wrong, and so vniust despite,
without all cause, against all course of kinde!

Ferrex. Such causelesse wrong and so vniust despite,
May haue redresse, or at the least, reuenge.

Viden. Neither, my sonne: such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mischappe and thine.

Ferrex. Mine know I none, but grief for your distresse.

Viden. Yes: mine for thine my sonne: A father? no:
In kinde a father, not in kindnesse.

Ferrex. My father? why? I know nothing at all,
wherein I haue misdone vnto his grace.

Viden. Therefore, the more vnkinde to thee and mee.
For, knowing well (my sonne) the tender loue

That

That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,
He greued the reat, is not content alone,
To spoile thee of my sight my chiefeſt ioye,
But thee, of thy birthright and heritage
Causeleſſe, unkindly, and in wrongfull wiſe,
Against all lawe and right, he will bereaue:
Haſte of his kingdome he will geue away.

Ferrex. To whom?

Viden. Euen to Porrex his yonger ſonne,
whoſe growing pride I do ſo ſore ſuſpect,
That being raiſed to equall rule with thee,
Once thinkes I ſee his enuious hart to ſwell,
Filled with diſdaine and with ambitious hope,
The end the Goddes do know, whoſe altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine, of cartell ſlaine
To ſend the ſacred ſmoke to heauens throne,
For thee my ſonne, if thinges do ſo ſucceede,
As now my ielous minde miſdemeth ſore.

Ferrex. Madame, leaue care & carefull plaint for me,
Juſt hath my father bene to euery wight:
His firſt vniuſtice he will not extend
To me I truſt, that geue no cauſe therof:
My brothers pride ſhall hurt him ſelfe, not me.

Viden. So graunt the Goddes: But yet thy father ſo
Hath firmly fixed his vnmoued minde,
That plaintes and prayers can no whit auaille,
For thoſe haue I aſſaied, but euen this day,
He will endeuour to procure aſſent
Of all his counſell to his fonde deuſe.

Ferrex. Their anceſſors from race to race haue borne
True ſayth to my forefathers and their ſeede:
I truſt they eke will beare the like to me.

A. iij.

Viden.

Viden. There resteth all. But if they faile thereof,
 And if the end bring forth an ill successe:
 On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
 And so I pray the Goddes requite it them,
 And so they will, for so is wont to be.
 When lordes, and trusted rulers vnder kinges,
 To please the present fancie of the prince,
 With wrong transpōse the course of gouernance,
 Murders, mischief, or ciuill sword at length,
 Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge,
 When right succeeding line returns againe,
 By Ioues iust iudgement and deserued wrath,
 Brings them to cruell and reprochfull death,
 And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.

Ferrex. Another, content you, you shall see the end.

Viden. The end? thy end I feare, Ioue end me first.

Actus primus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc. Aroftus. Philander. Eubulus.

GOrb. My lords, whose graue aduise & faithfull aide,
 Haue long vpheld my honour and my realme,
 And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
 Guiding so great estate with great renowne:
 Nowe more importeth mee, than erst, to vse
 Your sayth and wisdom, whereby yet I reigne:
 That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
 The kingdom yet may with vnbroken course,
 Haue certayne prince, by whose vndoubted right,
 Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay,
 And che that they whome nature hath preparde,
 In time to take my place in princely seate,

while

while in their fathers tyme their pliant yowch
yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernance,
Maie so be taught and trayned in noble artes,
As what their fathers which hane reigned before
Haue with great faime deriued downe to them,
with honour they may leaue vnto their seede:
And not be thought for their vnworthy life,
And for their lawlesse swarupnge out of kinde,
worthy to lose what labor and kind them gaue:
But that they may preserue the common peace,
The cause that first began and still mainteines
The lynecall course of kinges inheritance.
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
whereof both I and you haue charge and care,
Thus do I meane to vse your wonted sayth
To me and myne, and to your natie lande.
My lordes be playne without all wyie respect
Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasynge wise,
Lest as the blame of yll succedynge thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Arostus. Your good acceptance so (most noble king)
Of suche our faithfulnessse as heretofore
we haue employed in ducties to your grace,
And to this realme whose worthy head you are,
well proues that neyther you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe,
Our truerth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
For you, for yours, and for our natie lande.
wherefore (O kyng) I speake as one for all,
Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith:
Doubt not to vse our counsellis and our aides,
whose honours, goods and lyues are whole auowed
To serue, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

Gorb. My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.

B. j.

Ye

Ye know, the Gods, who haue the soueraigne care
 For kings, for kingdomes, and for common weales,
 Haue me two sonnes in my moze lusty age,
 Who nowe in my decaying yeres are growen
 well towards ryper state of minde and strength,
 To take in hande some greater princely charge.
 As yet they lyue and spende hopefull daies,
 with me and with their mother here in courte.
 Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
 And myne also doth aske an other chaunge:
 Theirs to moze trauaile, myne to greater ease.
 When fatall death shall ende my mortall life,
 My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine
 The realme diuided into two sondry partes:
 The one Ferrex myne elder sonne shall haue,
 The other shall the yonger Porrex rule.
 That both my purpose may moze firmly stande,
 And eke that they may better rule their charge,
 I meane forthwith to place them in the same:
 That in my life they may both learne to rule,
 And I may ioy to see their ruling well.
 This is in summe, what I woulde haue ye wey:
 First whether ye allowe my whole deuise,
 And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
 And for our countrey, mother of vs all:
 And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,
 Then for their guydinge and their gouernance,
 Shew forth such meanes of circumstance,
 As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept.
 Doe, this is all, now tell me your aduise.

Aros. And this is much, and asketh great aduise,
 But for my part, my soueraigne lord and kyng,
 This do I thinke. Your maiestie doth know,
 How vnder you in iustice and in peace,
 Great wealth and honour, long we haue enioyed,
 So

So as we can not see me with gredie mindes
 To wishe for change of Prince or governaunce:
 But if we lyke your purpose and deuise,
 Our lyking must be decined to proceede
 Of rightfull reason, and of heede full care,
 Not for our selues, but for the common state,
 Siche our owne state doth neede no better change:
 I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide.
 Firste when you shall vnlode your aged mynde
 Of heuyc care and troubles manifolde,
 And laye the same vpon my Lordes your sonnes,
 whose growing yeres may beare the burden long,
 And long I pray the Goddes to graunt it so,
 And in your life while you shall so beholde
 Their rule, their vertues, and their noble dedes,
 Suche as their kinde behighteth to vs all,
 Great be the profites that shall growe therof,
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last.
 Your lasting age shalbe their longer stay,
 For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue ruled,
 For publique wealth and not for priuate ioye,
 Do wast mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked age,
 With furrowed face and with enfebled hymmes,
 To draw on crepyng death a swifter pace.
 They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
 With greater ease, than one, nowe olde, alone,
 Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
 With lessened strength the double weight to beare.
 Your eye, your counsell, and the graue regarde
 Of father, yea of such a fathers name,
 Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
 when is the hazarde of their whole successe,
 Shall brydle so their force of youthfull heates,
 And so restraine the rage of insolence,
 Whiche most assailes the yonge and noble minds,

B. ij.

And

And so shall guide and traine in tempered stay
 Their yet greene bending wittes with reuerent awe,
 As now inured with vertues at the first,
 Custome (O king) shall bring delightfulnesse.
 By vse of vertue, vice shall growe in hate,
 But if you so dispose it, that the daye,
 which endes your life, shall first begin their reigne,
 Great is the perill what will be the ende,
 when such beginning of such liberties
 Woide of suche stayes as in your life do lye,
 Shall leaue them free to randon of their will,
 An open prae to traiterous flatterie,
 The greatest pestilence of noble youthe.
 whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life,
 Their tempered youthe with aged fathers awe,
 Be brought in vse of skilfull stayednesse,
 And in your life their liues disposed so,
 Shall length your noble life in ioyfulnesse.
 Thus thinke I that your grace hath wisely thought,
 And that your tender care of common weale,
 Hath bred this thought, so to diuide your lande,
 And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule,
 while you yet liue to see their rulinge well,
 That you may longer lyue by ioye therein.
 what furder meanes behouefull are and meete
 At greater leisure may your grace deuise,
 when all haue said, and when we be agreed
 If this be best to part the realme in twaine,
 And place your sonnes in present gouernement.
 whereof as I haue plainly said my mynde,
 So woulde I here the rest of all my Lordes.

Philand. In part I thinke as hath bene said befoze,
 In parte agayne my minde is otherwise.
 As for diuiding of this realme in twaine,
 And lotting out the same in egall partes,

To either of my lordes your graces sonnes,
 That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,
 For profite and aduancement of your sonnes,
 And for your comforte and your honour eke.
 But so to place them, while your life do last,
 To yelde to them your royall gouernaunce,
 To be aboue them onely in the name
 Of father, not in kingly state also,
 I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs.
 This kingdome since the blondie ciuill fielde
 Where Morgan Raine did yeld his conquered parte
 Vnto his colins sworde in Camberland,
 Containeth all that whilome did suffice
 Three noble sonnes of your forefather Brute.
 So your two sonnes, it maye suffice also.
 The more, the stronger, if they gree in one.
 The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde,
 The easier is the swey thereof to welde,
 The nearer Justice to the wronged poore,
 The smaller charge, and yet ynoughe for one.
 And whan the region is diuided so,
 That brethren be the lordes of either parte,
 Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both,
 In sondrie bodies by conioyned loue,
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Eche is to other as a sure defence.
 The noblenesse and glozy of the one
 Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde,
 With vertuous ennie to contende for prail.
 And suche an egalnesse hath nature made,
 Betwene the brethren of one fathers seede,
 As an vnkindly wrong it seemes to bee,
 To throwe the brother subiect vnder fette
 Of him, whose peere he is by coule of kinde,
 And nature that did make this egalnesse,

Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong,
 That ofte she rapeth by a grudginge griefe,
 In yonger brethzen at the elders state:
 Wherby both towncs and kingdomes haue ben rased,
 And famous stockes of royall blood destroyed:
 The brother, that shoulde be the brothers aide,
 And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
 Gapes for his death, and blames the lpyngering peres
 That draw not forth his ende with faster course:
 And oft impacient of so longe delayes,
 With hatefull slaughter he preuentes the fates,
 And heapes a iust rewarde for brothers bloode,
 With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for aye.
 Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette withall,
 If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
 Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
 But nowe the head to stoupe beneth them bothe,
 Ne kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.
 And oft it hath ben seene, where natures course
 Hath ben peruerterd in disorderd wise,
 When fathers cease to know that they shoulde rule,
 The children cease to know they shoulde obey.
 And often ouerkindly tendernesse
 Is mother of vnkindly stubbornesse.
 I speake not this in enuie or reproche,
 As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,
 whose honour I beseech the Goddes increase:
 Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
 So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,
 whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
 Undoubted children of so good a kyng.
 Onelie I meane to shewe by certeine rules,
 whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
 That nature hath her ordre and her course,
 which (being broken) doth corrupt the state

Of myndes and thinges, euen in the best of all.
 My lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you.
 Your owne example in your noble court
 Is fittest guyder of their yowthfull yeares.
 If you desire to see some present ioye
 By sight of their well rulyng in your lyfe,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule,
 Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Longe maye they rule I do beseeche the Goddes,
 But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule.
 If kinde and fates woulde suffre, I would wisshye
 Them aged princes, and immortall kinges.
 Wherfore most noble kynge I well assent,
 Berwene your sonnes that you diuide your realme,
 And as in kinde, so match them in degree.
 But while the Goddes prolong your royall life,
 Prolong your reigne: for therto lyue you here,
 And therefore haue the Goddes so long forborne
 To ioyne you to them selues, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weale.
 They when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them rounne, and will remoue you hence,
 That yours in right ensuyng of your life
 Maye rightly honour your immortall name.

Eub. Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
 Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume,
 To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
 Although the same do not agree at all
 With that which other here my lordes haue said,
 Nor which your selfe haue seemed best to lyke.
 ardon I craue, and that my wordes be demed
 To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your grace,
 And to the safetie of your common weale.
 To parte your realme vnto my lordes your sonnes,

B. iiij.

I

I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
 But worse of all for this our native lande,
 within one land, one single rule is best:
 Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes.
 But peace preferues the countrey and the prince.
 Suche is in man the greedy minde to reigne,
 So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
 In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
 That faith and iustice and all kindly loue,
 Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignitie,
 where egall state doth raise an egall hope
 To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
 Your grace remembreth how in passed yeres
 The mightie Brute, first prince of all this lande,
 Possessed the same and ruled it well in one,
 He thinking that the compasse did suffice,
 For his three sonnes three kingdoms eke to make,
 Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine.
 But how much British blood hath since bene spilt,
 To ioyne againe the sondred vniue?
 what princes slaine before their tynely houre?
 what wast of townes and people in the lande?
 what treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles?
 whose iust reuenge euen yet is scarcely ceased,
 And yet remembraunce is yet rawe in minde.
 The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe:
 And you (O king) geue not the cause therof.
 My Lord Ferrex your elder sonne, perhappes
 whose kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
 To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
 Shall thinke that he doth suffice greater wrong
 Than he perchaunce will beare, if power serue.
 Porrex the younger so bypraised in state,
 Perhappes in courage will be rayfed also.
 If flatterie then, which sayles not to assaile

The

The tendre mindes of yet vnskillfull youth,
 In one shall kindle and encrease disdain,
 And enrie in the others harte enflame,
 This fire shall waste their lone, their liues, their land,
 And ruthfull ruine shall destroy them both.
 I wishe not this (O kyng) so to befall,
 But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre.
 Beue no beginning to so dreadfull ende.
 Kepe them in order and obedience:
 And let them both by now obeying you,
 Learne such behauiour as becomes their state,
 The elder, mylde nesse in his gouernance,
 The yonger, a yelding contentednesse.
 And kepe them neare vnto your presence still,
 That they restreyned by the awe of you,
 May liue in compassse of well tempred staye,
 And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
 Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
 wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
 The trauailes that in youth you haue susteyned,
 Both in your persones and your realmes defence.
 If planting now your sonnes in furder partes,
 You sende them furder from your present reach,
 Lesse shall you know how they their selues demeanes:
 Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth,
 Shall haue vnspied a muche more free access,
 And if ambition and inflamed disdain
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
 To ciuill warre, or to vsurping pride,
 Late shall you rue, that you ne recked before.
 Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
 But not to liue still dreadlesse of the worst.
 So truste the one, that the other be forfene.
 Arme not vnskillfulnesse with princely power.
 But you that long haue wisely ruled the reignes

Of royaltie within your noble realme,
So holde them, while the Gods for our anayles
Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies.
To soone he clambc into the flaming carre,
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.
Time and example of your noble grace,
Shall teach your sonnes both to obey and rule,
When time hath taught them, time shal make the place,
The place that now is full: and so I pray
Long it remaine, to comforte of vs all.

Gorboduc. I take your faithful harts in thankful part,
But sithe I ser no cause to draw my minde,
To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,
Or to misdeme that enuie or disdaine,
Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue:
In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
My loue extendeth egally to both,
My lande sufficeth for them both also.
Humber shal parte the marches of theyr realmes:
The Sootherne part the elder shal possesse:
The Nootherne shal Porrex the yonger rule:
In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
Free from the trauaile and the painefull cares,
That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
But lest the fraude, that ye do seeme to feare,
Of flatterring tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
And wythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
To clumyng pride, or to reuenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge,
Lewdely to lyue in wanton recklesnesse,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
To treade downe truth, or fauour false deceiter:
I meane to ioyne to cyther of my sonnes
Some one of those, whose long approoued faith

And

And wisdom tried, may well assure my harte:
That mytynge fraude shall finde no way to crepe
Into these fensed eares with graue aduise.
This is the ende, and so I pray you all
To heare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
That I haue founde within your faithfull bresses.

Arosus: You, nor your sonnes, our soueraign lord shal
Our faith and seruice while our liues do last. (want,

Chorus. When settled stay doth holde the royall throne
In stedfast place, by knowen and doubles right,
And chiefly when discent on one alone
Makes single and vnparted reigne to light:
Eche chaunge of course vnioints the whole estate,
And yeldes it thiall to ruyne by debate.
The strength that knit by false accorde in one,
Against all forein power of mightie foes,
Could of it selfe defende it selfe alone,
Disioyned once, the former force doth lose.
The stickes, that sondred brake so soone in twaine,
In faggot bounde attempted were in vaine.
Of tender minde that leades the partiall eye
Of erring parentes in their childrens lone,
Destroyes the wrongly loued childe thereby.
This doth the proude sonne of Apollo proue,
Who rashely set in chariot of his fire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heauens fire.
And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunge the course of his discenting crowne,
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,
From blissfull state of ioye and great renowne,
A myrrour shall become to princes all,
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a fall.

C.ij. C The

The order and signification of the domme shew befoze the se- cond acte.

First the Musicke of Coznettes began to playe, during which came in vpon the stage a King accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed him self in a chaire of estate prepared for him: there came and kneeled befoze him a graue and aged gentelman and offered by a cuppe vnto him of wyne in a glasse, which the the King refused. After him commes a bzauc and lustie yong gentleman and presentes the King with a cup of golde filled with popson, which the King accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell downe dead vpon the the stage, and so was carried thence away by his Lordes and gentelmen, and then the Musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no popson, but is clere and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any arte: So a fapthfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yieldeth to any vndiscrete affection, but geueth holtsome counsell, which the yll aduised Prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with popson betokeneth flattery, which vnder faire seeming of pleasant wordes beareth deadly popson, which destroyed the Prince that recepueth it. As befell in the two brethren Ferrer and Dorrer, who refusing the holtsome aduise of graue counsellours, credited these yong Paracites, and brought to them selues death and destruction thereby.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

Ferrex. I meruaile much what reason ledde the king
My Father, thus without all my desert,
To reue me halfe the kingdome, which by course

Of

Of law and nature should remayne to me.

Hermon. If you with stubborne and butained pryde
Had stood against him in rebelling wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had enuied
So slow a sliding of his aged yeres,
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatall death vpon his royall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn:
Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed,
To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.

Ferrex. The wretched Gods powre on my cursed head
Eternall plagues and neuer dying woos,
The hellish prince, adudge my dampned ghost
To Tantaless thirst, or proude Ixions wheele,
Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte,
To during tormentes and vnquenched flames,
If euer I conceived so foule a thought,
To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

Dordan. He yet your father (O most noble Prince)
Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you.
For he, with more than fathers tendre loue,
While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,
(who long might lyue to see your ruling well)
To you my Lorde, and to his other soune:
Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie:
Which neuer would so wise a Prince haue done,
If he had once misdemed that in your harte
There euer lodged so unkinde a thought.
But tendre lone (my Lorde) and settled truste
Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
And now to geue you half his realme to guide,
Yea and that halfe which in abounding store

Of things that serue to make a welthy realme,
In stately cities, and in frutefull soyle,
In temperate breathing of the milde heauen,
In thinges of needefull vse, which friendly sea,
Transportes by traffike from the forreine partes,
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
Doth passe the double value of the parte,
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne.
Such is your case, such is your fathers loue.

(loues.

Ferrex. Ah loue, my frendes? loue wrongs not who he

Dordan. He yet he wrongeth you, that geueth you
So large a reigne, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdome by discended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex. Is this no wrong, say you, to reane from me
My natine right of halfe so great a realme?
And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree?
Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride
Woulde neuer yelde one point of reuerence,
Whan I the elder and apparaunt heire
Stood in the likelihode to possesse the whole,
Yea and that sonne which from his childish age
Enuie myne honour and doth hate my life.
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindfull malice of his grudging harte,
Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

Hermon. Was this not wrong, yea yll aduised wrong,
To giue so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
To so great perill of so great missehappe,
Wide open thus to set so large a waye?

Dordan. Alas my Lord, what griefull thing is this,

It has

That of your brother you can thinke to ill:
I neuer saw him vtter likelic signe,
whereby a man might see or once in dede
Such hate of you, ne such vnelding pride.
It is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That rayling such mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of such vnkindly hate,
Trauaile by treason to destroy you both.
wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
worthie to welde a large and mightie realme.
So much a stronger frende haue you therby;
whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermion. If nature and the Goddes had pinched so
Their flowing bountie, and their noble giftes
Of princelic qualities, from you my Lorde,
And powde them all at ones in wastfull wife
Vpon your fathers yonger sonne alone:
Perhappes there be that in your p̄iudice
would say that birth should yeld to worthinesse.
But sithe in eche good gift and princelic arte
Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
In mildenesse and in sobye gouernaunce
Ye farre surmount: And sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse
To weld the whole, and match your elders prayse:
I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe.
He would I wisshye you yelde to such a losse:
Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge,
Be deemed cowardishe and simple deade:
which shall geue courage to the fierie head
Of your yonge brother to inuade the whole.
while yet therfore stickes in the peoples minde
The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce,
And ere your brother haue by settled power,

By guile full cloke of an alluring shewe,
 Got him some force and fauour in the realme,
 And while the noble Queene your mother lyues,
 To worke and practise all for your auaille,
 Attempt redresse by armes, and wreake your self
 Upon his life, that gayneth by your losse,
 Who nowe to shame of you, and griefe of vs,
 In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you.
 Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
 That they which haue anowd to spend theyr goods,
 Their landes, their liues and honours in your cause,
 May be the boldre to mainteyne your parte,
 When they do see that cowarde feare in you,
 Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull hartes.
 If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,
 And pay the price of his vsurped reigne,
 Your moether shall perswade the angry kyng,
 The Lords your frends eke shall appease his rage.
 For they be wise, and well they can torice,
 That ere longe time your aged fathers death
 Will bring a time when you shall well requite
 Their frendlie fauour, or their haiesfull spue,
 Yea, or their slackenesse to auance your cause.
 „ Wise men do not so hang on passing state
 „ Of present Iuices, chiefly in their age,
 „ But they will further cast their reaching eye,
 „ To viewe and wepe the times and reignes to come.
 He is it likely, though the kyng be worthe,
 That he yet will, or that the realme will beare,
 Extreme reuenge vpon his onely soune.
 Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterpryse?
 And here you be now placed in your owne,
 Amyd your frendes, your bassailles and your strength.
 We shall defende and kepe your person safe,

Till

Till either counsell turne his tender minde,
 Or age, or sorrow end his werie dayes.
 But if the feare of Goddes, and secreete grudge
 Of natures law, repining at the fact,
 Withholde your courage from so great attempt:
 Know ye, that lust of kingdomes hath no law.
 The Goddes do heare and well allow in kings,
 The thinges they abhorre in rascall routes:
 , when kinges on slender quarrells runne to warres,
 , And then in cruell and unkindely wise,
 , Command thestes, rapes, murders of innocents,
 , The spoile of towne, ruines of mighty realmes:
 , Thinke you such princes do suppose them selues
 , Subiect to lawes of kinde, and feare of Gods?
 Murders and violent thestes in priuate men,
 Are hainous crimes and full of foule reproch,
 Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
 Of noble conquestes, in the handes of kinges.
 But if you like not yet so hote deuise,
 He list to take such bauntage of the time,
 But though with perill of your owne estate,
 You will not be the first that shall invade:
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,
 And for your safetie stand vpon your garde.

Dordan. O heauen was there euer heard or known,
 So wicked counsell to a noble prince?
 Let me (my Lorde) disclose vnto your grace
 This hainous tale, what mischief it containes,
 Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne,
 Your present murder and eternall shame.
 Heare me (O king) and suffer not to sinke
 So high a treason in your princely brest.

Ferrex. The mightie Goddes forbid that euer I
 Should once conceaue such mischief in my hart.

D. J. Although

Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
 And beare perhappes to me an hatefull minde:
 Shall I reuenge it, with his death therefore?
 Or shall I so destroy my fathers life
 That gaue me life? the Gods forbid, I say.
 Cease you to speake so any more to me.
 Be you my friend with answer once repeat
 So foule a tale. In silence let it die.
 What lord or subject shall haue hope at all,
 That vnder me they safely shall enioye
 Their goods, their honours, landes and liberties,
 With whom, neither one onely brother deare,
 Ne father dearer, could enioye their liues?
 But sith, I feare my yonger brothers rage,
 And sith perhappes some other man may geue
 Some like aduise, to moue his grudging head
 At mine estate, which counsell may perchaunce
 Take greater force with him, than this with me,
 I will in secreete so prepare my selfe,
 As if his malice or his lust to reigne
 Breake forth in armes or sodaine violence,
 I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.

Dordan. I feare the fatall time now draweth on,
 When ciuill hate shall end the noble line
 Of famous Brute and of his royall seede.
 Great Ioue defend the mischiefes now at hand.
 O that the Secretaries wise aduise
 Had erst bene heard when he besought the king
 Not to diuide his land, nor send his sounes
 To further partes from presence of his court,
 Ne yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce.
 Lo such are they now in the royall throne
 As was rash Phaeton in Phebus carre.
 Ne then the fiery seides did draw the flames

with

With wildeer randon through the kindled skies,
 Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
 The youtfull heades of these vnt kilfull kinges.
 But I hercof their father will enforme.
 The recurrence of him perhappes shall stay
 The growing mischiefes, while they yet are greene.
 If this helpe not, then woe vnto them selues,
 The prince, the people, the diuided land.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda.

Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.

Porrex. And is it thus? And doth he so prepare,
 Against his brother as his mortall foe?
 And now while yet his aged father liues?
 Neither regards he him? nor feares he me?
 warre would he haue? and he shall haue it so.

Tyndar. I saw my selfe the great prepared stoze
 Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there,
 He bring I to my lord reported tales
 without the ground of seen and searched trouth.
 Loe secrete quarrels runne about his court,
 To bring the name of you my lord in hate.
 Each man almost can now debate the cause,
 And aske a reason of so great a wrong,
 why he so noble and so wise a prince,
 Is as vnworthy rest his heritage?
 And why the king, misledded by craftie meanes,
 Diuided thus his land from course of right?
 The wiser sort holde downe their griefull heades.
 The man withdrawes from talke and company,
 Of those that haue bene knowne to fauour you.

D. ij.

To

To hide the mischief of their meaning there,
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascall numbers of vnfkilfull sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secrete I was counselled by my frendes,
To hast me thence, and brought you as you know
Letters from those, that both can truly tell,
And would not write vnlesse they knew it well.

Philand. My lord, yet ere you moue vnkindly warre,
Send to your brother to demaund the cause.
Perhappes some traitorous tales haue filled his eares
With false reportes against your noble grace:
Which once discioied, shall end the growing strife,
That els not stayed with wise foresight in time
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your liues.
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex. Bidde me of feare? I feare him not at all:
He will to him, ne to my father send,
If danger were for one to tary there,
Thinke ye it safetic to returne againe?
In mischiefes, such as Ferrex now intendes,
The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not obserued, which in iust warre they vse.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him,
That haue disclosed his treason vnto me?
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not.
Or shall I to the king my father send?
Yea and send now, while such a mother liues,
That loues my brother, and that hateth me?
Shall I geue leasure, by my sonde delayes,
To Ferrex to oppresse me all vnware?
I will not, but I will invade his realme,

And

And seeke the traitour prince within his court.
Mischiefe for mischief is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treat, and send and pray,
And holde my yelden throte to traitours knife?
While I with valiant minde and conquering force,
Might rid my selfe of foes: and winne a realme?
Yet rather, when I haue the wretches head,
Then to the king my father will I send.
The bootlesse case may yet appease his wrath:
If not, I will defend me as I may.

Philand. Lo here the end of these two youthful kings,
The fathers death, the ruine of their realmes.
„ Most unhappy state of counsellers,
„ That light on so unhappy lordes and times,
„ That neither can their good aduise be heard,
„ Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe.
But I will to the king their father haste,
Ere this mischief come to the likely end,
That if the mindfull wrath of wretched Gods,
Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeased
With these poore remnantes of the Troian name,
Haue not determined by vniuersall fate
Out of this realme to raise the Brittilhe line,
By good aduise, by awe of fathers name,
By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
May yet be quenched, ere it consume vs all.

Chorus. When youth not guided with a guiding star
Is left to randon of their owne delight,
And welde whole realmes, by force of soueraign sway,
Great is the danger of vnmistred might,

D. iiij.

Act

Gorboduc. Eubulus. Aroftus. Philander. Nuntius.

GOrb: O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of Goddes,
whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
Flowing with blood of Troian princes slaine,
Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with cozles dead
Of Asian kynges and lordes, can yet appeale,
The slaughter of vnhappie Pryams race,
Nor Ilions fall made leuell with the soile.
Can yet suffice; but still continued rage
Pursues our lynes, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troye.
,, Oh no man happie, till his ende be seene.
If any flowing wealth and seemyng ioye
In present peres might make a happy wight,
Happie was Hecuba the wofullest wretch
That euer lyued to make a myrrour of,
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes.
And happie I, till nowe alas I see
And feele my most vnhappye wretchednesse.
Beholde my lordes, read ye this letter here.
Loe it contains the ruine of our realme,
If timelie speede prouide not hastie helpe.
Yet (O ye Goddes) if euer wofull kyng
Might moue ye kings of kinges, wreke it on me
And on my sonnes, not on this guiltlesse realme.
Send down your wasting flames fro wrathful skies,
To reue me and my sonnes the barefull breach.
Read, read my lordes: this is the matter why
I called ye nowe to haue your good aduys.

Shall you him gaue aboute his natine right:
Ioyne with the iuster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

Eub. what meaneeth this? Doe ponder comes in haſt
Philander from my lord your yonger ſonne.

Gorb. The Goddes ſende ioyfull newes.

Phil. The mightie Ioue
Preſerue your maieſtie, O noble king.

Gorb. Philander, welcome: but how doth my ſonne?

Phil. Your ſonne, ſir, lyues, and healthie I him left.
But yet (O king) the want of luſtfull health
Could not be halfe ſo grieſefull to your grace,
As theſe moſt wretched tidyngeſ that I byyug.

Gorb. O heaueus, yet more? not ende of woes to me?

Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of Ferrex, to my lord your yonger ſonne,
And made reporte of great prepared ſtore
For warre, and ſayth that it is wholly ment
Agaynſt Porrex, for high diſdayne that he
Lyues now a king and egall in degree
With him, that claimeſh to ſuccede the whole,
As by due title of diſcending right.

Porrex is now ſo ſet on flaining fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wiath,
Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
That he in haſt preparcth to inuade
His brothers land, and with unkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder ſonne,
He could I him perſwade that firſt he ſhould
Send to his brother to demaunde the cauſe,
Nor yet to you to ſtaie this hatefull ſtrife.

E. i.

wherefore

It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme thereof,
 That louyng Ioue hath tempred so the time
 Of this debate to happen in your dayes,
 That you yet lyuing may the same appeaze,
 And adde it to the glozy of your latter age,
 And they our sonnes may learne to liue in peace.
 Beware (O king) the greatest harinc of all,
 Lest by your waylefull plaints your hastened death
 Yelde larger counne vnto their growing rage,
 Preserue your life, the onely hope of stay.
 And if your highnes herein list to vse
 wisdomne or force, counsell or knightly aide:
 Loc we, our persons, powers and lyues are yours,
 Till vs tyll death, O king, we are your owne.

Eub. Loc here the perill that was erst foresene,
 When you, (O king) did first deuide your lande,
 And yelde your present reigne vnto your sonnes,
 But now (O noble prince) now is no time
 To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life.
 Now is the time for present good aduise.
 So now doth darke the iudgement of the wytt.
 „ The hart vnbroken and the courage free
 „ From feble faintnesse of bootelesse despeire,
 „ Doth either ryle to safetie or renowne
 „ By noble valure of vnuanquish't minde,
 „ Or yet doth perishe in moze happy soyr.
 Your grace may send to either of your sonnes
 Some one both wise and noble personage,
 Which with good counsell and with weightie name,
 Of father, shall present before their eyes
 Your best, your life, your safetie and their owne,
 The present mischief of their deadly strife.
 And in the while, assemble you the force
 Which your commaundement and the speedy hast

The wicked childe thus brings to wofull fire
 The mournfull plaintes, to wast his very life.
 Thus do the cruell flames of ciuill fier
 Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife.
 And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
 The dead black streames of mourning, plaints & woe.

The order and signification of the donne shew befoze the fourth act.

First the musick of Hoboies begā to plaie, during which
 there came from vnder the stage, as though out of hell thre
 furies. Alecto, Megera, and Cerphone, clad in black gar-
 mentes sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt
 with snakes, their heads spred with serpentes in steed of
 heare, the one bearing in her hand a Snake, the other a
 whip, and the third a burning firebrand: ech dyming befoze
 them a king and a queene, which moued by furies vnnatu-
 rally had slaine their owne childezen. The names of the kings
 and queenes were these. Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino,
 Cambises, Althea, after that the furies and these had pas-
 sed about the stage thise, they departed and than the mu-
 sicke ceased: hereby was signified the vnnaturall murders to
 folloze, that is to say. Dox rex slaine by his owne mother. And
 of king Hozboduc and queene Viden, killed by their owne
 subiectes.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Viden sola.

VId. why should I lye, and linger forth my time
 In longer life to double my distresse?
 O me most wofull wight, whom no mishappe
Long

E. iij.

Lived in thy brest, that nothing els could like
 Thy cruell tyrantes thought but death and bloud:
 wilde sauage beasts, mought not their slaughter serue
 To fede thy greedie will, and in the midst
 Of their entrails to staine thy deadly handes
 with bloud deserued, and drinke thereof thy fill:
 Or if nought els but death and blond of man
 Mought please thy lust, could none in Brittain land,
 whose hart betoone out of his panting brest
 with thine owne hand, or worke what death thou
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze (wouldst,
 That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee?
 But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,
 where thou in dismall hower receuedst life?
 Or if nedes, nedes, thy hand must slaughter make,
 Moughtest thou not haue reached a mortall wound,
 And with thy sword haue pearced this cursed wombe,
 That the accursed Porrex brought to light,
 And geuen me a iust reward therefore?
 So Ferrex yet sweete life mought haue enioyed,
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 with some yong sonne in whom they both might line.
 But wherunto waste I this ruthfull speche,
 To thee that hast thy brothers blond thus shed?
 Shall I still thinke that sed this wombe thou sprong?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
 No traitour, no: I thee refuse for mine,
 Murderer I thee renounce, thou art not mine.
 Neuer, O wretch, this wombe conceived thee,
 Nor neuer bode I painfull throwes for thee.
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
 Nor to no wight, that sparke of pitie knew.
 Ruthlesse, vnkinde, monster of natures worke,
 Thou neuer suckt the milke of womans brest,
 But from thy birth the cruell Tigers teates

As iust reuenge of thy detested crime.
No : we should not offend the lawe of kinde,
If now this sworde of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murdered him, whose heinous death
Euen natures force doth moue vs to reuenge
By blood againe : and iustice forceth vs
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet sithens thou art our childe, and sith as yet
In this hard case what worde thou canst alledge
For thy defence, by vs hath not bene heard,
we are content to staye our will for that
which iustice biddes vs presently to worke,
And geue thee leaue to vie thy speche at full
If ought thou haue to lay for thine excuse.

Porrex. Neither O king, I can or will denie
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath rest:
which fact how much my dolfull hart doth waile,
Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight
As inward griefe doth poure it forth to me.
So yet perhappes if euer ruthfull hart
Meling in teares within a manly brest,
Thorough depe repentance of his bloudy fact,
If euer griefe, if euer wofull man
Might moue regreite with sorrowe of his fault,
I thinke the torment of my mournfull case
Knownen to your grace, as I do feele the lame,
would force euen wrath her selfe to pitie me.
But as the water troubled with the muddie
Shewes not the face which els the eye should see.
Euen so your irefull minde with stirred thought,
Can not so perfectly discerne my cause.
But this unhappe, amongst so many heapes,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to my selfe I must reterue my woe

If.

In

Seeing that realme, which by descent should grow
wholly to him, allotted halfe to me?
Euen in your highnesse court he now remaines,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can recorde, what prooffe thereof was shewde,
And how my brothers enuious hart appearde.
Yet I that iudged it my part to seeke
His fauour and good will, and loth to make
Your highnesse know, the thing which should haue
Brieff to your grace, & your offence to him, (brought
Hoping my earnest sute should soone haue wonne
A louing hart within a brothers brest,
Wrought in that sort that for a pledge of loue
And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hand.
This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite
All rancour from his thought and bare to me
Such hartie loue, as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your graces court,
And from your highnesse presence lined apart,
His egall rule still, still, did grudge him so
That now those enuious sparkes which erst lay raked
In liuing cinders of dissembling brest,
Kindled so farre within his hart didaine,
That longer could he not refraine from prooffe
Of secrete practise to depriue me life
By poysons force, and had bereft me so,
If mine owne seruant hired to this fact
And moued by trouth with hate to worke the same,
In time had not betrayed it vnto me.
When thus I sawe the knot of loue vnknitte,
All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in twaine;
His hart on mischief set, and in his brest
Blacke treason hid, then, then did I despire
That euer time could winne him friend to me.

H. J.

Then

In other sort against your hart pennaile,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assaies
The armed brest where force doth light in vaine.

Gorbod. Many can yelde right sage and graue aduise
Of patient sprite to others wrapp'd in woe,
And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
who if by prooffe they might feele natures force,
would shew them selues men as they are in dede,
which now wil nedes be gods. But what doth meane
The sope chere of her that here doth come?

Marcella. Oh where is ruth? or where is pitie now?
whether is gentle hart and mercy fled:
Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,
Neuer to make returne? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and soncke in crueltie?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas) within the mothers brest,
To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and blood,
If ruthe be banished thence, if pitie there
May haue no place, if there no gentle hart
Do liue and dwell, where should we seeke it then?

Gorb. Madame (alas) what meanes your wofull tale?

Marcella. O sillie woman I, why to this houre
Haue kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should liue to see this dolefull day?
will euer wight belue that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mothers brest,
with her owne hand to slay her onely sonne?
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They saw the dreery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloudy fact.
Perrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand, a wofull thing to tell,

f. 44.

while

O what a ruthfull stedfast eye me thought
He firt vpon my face, which to my death
Will neuer part fro me, when with a braide
A deepe fet sigh he gaue, and therewithall
Claspimg his handes, to heauen he cast his sight.
And straight pale death pressing within his face
The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.

Arosus. Neuer did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Marcella. **O** hard and cruell happe, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruell hart, that could consent
To lend the hatefull bestenies that hand,
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.
O Queene of adamant, **O** marble brest.
If not the fauour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant actiue armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast
As would haue wrapt a sillie womans thought,
If this mought not haue moned thy bloudy hart.
And that most cruell hand the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kisse him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reauue such one by death:
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe?
Euen loue with iustice must with lightning flames
Fro heauen send downe some strange reuenge on thee.
Ah noble prince, how oft haue I behelde
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traunpling steede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistresse sene tied on thy helme,
And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe?

How

The times before recorde, and times to come
 Shall finde it true, and so doth present prooffe
 Present before our eyes for our behoofe.
 O happy wight that suffres not the snare
 Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood.
 And happy he that can in time beware
 By others harmes and turne it to his good.
 But wo to him that fearing not to offend
 Doth serue his lust, and will not see the end,

The order and signification of the donne shew before the fifth act.

First the Drummes & Suites, began to sound, during which
 there came forth vpon the stage a company of Hargabushiers
 and of Armed men all in order of battaile. These after their
 peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times
 marched about the stage, departed, and then the Drummes and
 Suites did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions,
 armes and ciuill warres to follow, as fell in the realme of
 great Brittain, which by the space of fiftie yeares & more
 continued in ciuill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death
 of king Corboduac, and of his issues, for want of certayne li-
 mitacion in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwal-
 lo Molunthus, who reduced the land to monarchie.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Clotyn. Mandud. Gwenard. Fergus. Eubulus.

Clot. Did euer age bring forth such tirants harts?
 The brother hath bereft the brothers life,
 The mother she hath died her cruell handes
 In blood of her owne soune, and now at last
 The people loe forgetting trouth and loue,

B. j.

Con:

In fame and wealth, haue ben to ruine brought,
 I pray to loue that we may rather wayle
 Such happe in them than witnesse in our selues.
 Like fully with the duke my minde agrees,
 Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
 Yet subiectes must obey as they are bounde.
 But now my lordes, before ye farther wade,
 Or spend your speach, what sharpe reuenge shall fall
 By iustice plague on these rebellious wightes,
 We thinke ye rather shoulde first search the way,
 By which in time the rage of this vproare
 Mought be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.
 Euen yet the life of Brittain land doth hang
 In traitours balaunce of vnegall weight.
 Thinke not my lordes the death of Gorboduc,
 Nor yet Videnaes bloud will cease their rage:
 Euen our owne lyues, our wiues and children deare,
 Our countrey dearest of all, in daunger standes,
 Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
 And by our selues a conquest to ensue.
 For geue once swey vnto the peoples iustices,
 To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
 And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
 So will they headlong runne with raging thoughtes
 From bloud to bloud, from mischief vnto inoe,
 To ruine of the realme, them selues and all,
 So giddy are the common peoples mindes,
 So glad of chaunge, more waucering than the sea.
 Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles haue,
 What hugie nombre is assembled still,
 For though the traiterous fact, for which they rose
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field
 So that how farre their furies yet will stretch
 Great cause we haue to dreade. That we may seeke
 By present battaile to repress their power,

B.ij.

Speede

With stubborne hartes cannot so farre auayle,
As to assuage their desperate courages.
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
As present age and eke posteritie
May be adrad with horrour of renenge,
That iustly then shall on these rebelles fall.
This is my lord the summe of mine aduise.

Clotyn. Neither this case admittes debate at large,
And though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd
Hath well abridged the tale I would haue tolde.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath sayd: and if the same
To you my lordes, may seeme for best aduise,
I wish that it should streight be put in vie.

Mandud. My lordes than let vs presently depart,
And follow this that liketh vs so well.

Fergus. If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
were offred man, now it is offred mee.
The realme is rest both of their king and queene,
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
No issue now remaines, the heire vnknownen,
The people are in armes and mutynies,
The nobles they are buſied how to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and vproares,
And Brittain land now defect left alone
Ampe these broyles vncertayne where to rest,
Offers her selfe vnto that noble hart
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne.
Shall I that am the duke of Albanye
Discended from that line of noble bloud,
Which hath so long flourished in worthy fame,
Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble breſtes
Of right should rest about the theſe baſer ſort,

What iuste reward these traitours still receiue,
 Yea though their selues haue sene depe death & bloud,
 By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword,
 So such assigned, yet can they not beware,
 Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
 But suffering loe fowle treason to distaine
 Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
 Reiect all truth and rise against their prince.
 A ruthfull case, that those, whom duties bond,
 Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith,
 Bound to preserue their countrey and their king,
 Boine to defend their common wealth and prince,
 Euen they should geue consent thus to subuert
 Thee Brittain land, & from thy wombe should spring
 (O native soile) those, that will needs destroy
 And ruyne thee and eke their selues in fine.
 For so, when once the dukes had offred grace
 Of pardon sweete, the multitude mislédde
 By traitorous fraude of their vngacious heades,
 One sort that saw the dangerous successe
 Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,
 And knew the difference of princes power
 From headlesse nombré of tumultuous routes,
 Whom common countreies care, and priuate feare,
 Taught to repent the errour of their rage,
 Layde handes vpon the captaines of their band,
 And brought them bound vnto the mightie dukes.
 And other sort not trusting yet so well
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
 Their owne offence than that they could conceine
 Such hope of pardon for so foule misdede;
 Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,
 Who fearing to be yelded fled before,
 Stale home by silence of the secret night,
 The thirde vnhappy and enraged sort

B. iiii.

Of

My tranayle mought performe some good effect,
Centred my life to bring these tydings here.
Fergus the mightie duke of Albanye
Is now in armes and lodgeth in the fielde
With twentie thousand men, hether he bendes
His speedy marche, and mindes to innade the crowne.
Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreds abroad
That to this realme no certeine heire remaines,
That Brittain land is left without a guide,
That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els
But to preserue the people and the land,
Which now remaine as ship without a sterne.
Loe this is that which I haue here to say.

Cloyton. Is this his sayth? and shall he falsely thus
Abuse the bauntage of unhappie times?
O wretched land, if his outragious pride,
His cruell and vntempered wilfulnesse,
His deepe dissembling shewes of false pretence,
Should once attaine the crowne of Brittain land.
Let vs my lordes, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Mand. Though we remaine without a certain prince,
To weld the realme or guide the wandring rule,
Yet now the common mother of vs all,
Our native land, our countrey, that contains
Our wiues, children, kindred, our selues and all
That euer is or may be deare to man,
Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her.
Let vs aduance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard. Yea let vs so, my lordes, with hasty speede.
And ye (O Goddess) send vs the welcome death,

B. i.

To

To gredie lust and to vsurping power,
 Then, then (my lordes) if euer kindly care
 Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
 Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
 Yea of the liues and safetie yet to come
 Of your deare wiues, your children, and your selues,
 Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
 Then, then, haue pitie on the toyme estate,
 Then helpe to salue the welneare hopelesse fore
 Which ye shall do, if ye your selues withhold
 The slaying knife from your owne mothers throte.
 Her shall you saue, and you, and yours in her,
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear
 Once to lay hand or take vnto your selues
 The crowne, by colour of pretended right,
 Or by what other meanes so euer it be,
 Till first by common counsell of you all
 In Parliament the regall diademe
 Be set in certaine place of gouernance,
 In which your Parliament and in your choise,
 Preferre the right (my lordes) with respect
 Of strength or frendes, or what soeuer cause
 That may set forward any others part.
 For right will last, and wrong can not endure.
 Right meane I his or hers, vpon whose name
 The people rest by meane of native line,
 Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
 Already made their title to aduaunce.
 Such one (my lordes) let be your chosen king,
 Such one so bozne within your native land,
 Such one preferre, and in no wise admitte
 The heaue yoke of foireine gouernance,
 Let foireine titles yelde to publike wealth.
 And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare
 Thus to withstand the proude inuading foe,

And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waille,
 With fire and sworde thy native folke shall perishe,
 One kinsman shall bereaue an others life,
 The father shall unwitting slay the sonne,
 The sonne shall slay the fire and know it not,
 Women and maides the cruell souldiers sword
 Shall perle to death, and fillie children loe,
 That play in the streeces and fieldes are found,
 By violent hand shall lose their latter day.
 Whom shall the fierce and blondy souldier
 Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
 Euen thou (O wretched mother) halfe alone,
 Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
 Slaine with the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest.
 Loe, guiltlesse blond shall thus eche where be shed.
 Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite,
 But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.
 The townes shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
 The peopled cities shall waxe desolate,
 And thou, O Brittain, whilome in renowne,
 Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne,
 Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed,
 These be the frutes your euil warres will bring.
 Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent
 To graue aduise, but followe willfull will.
 This is the end, when in sonde princes hartes
 Flattery preuailes, and sage rede hath no place.
 These are the plagges, when murder is the meane
 To make new heires vnto the royall crowne.
 Thus wicke the Gods, when that the mothers wrath
 Thought but the blond of her owne childe may swage.
 These mischietes spring when rebels will arrie,
 To worke reuenge and iudge their princes fact.
 This, this ensues, when noble men do faile

